

Frolic

26

WITH THE CUTIES OF ST LUCY'S



No.
1



"My name is Barbara and I am one of the "Babes of St. Lucy's. Like the girls of another famous school, we find our garments rather scanty, and so it's "Backs to the fire girls!"

See some of the escapades we get up to on the following pages, and it's won't be this anyone who "needs."

Frolic

No. 1

With the Cuties of St. LUCY'S

Photography by DON THORPE

Editorial

It is always considered an achievement to be first in the field with a brand-new idea, and in FROLIC we feel we have succeeded in starting a new trend in glamour magazines.

Comics in pictures has always been popular, particularly with children, the number of comic papers on the market are just proof of that. But comedy for the adult, that's another kettle-of-fish entirely. Why poor father who has to wait until junior has finished before he can read the latest adventures of his particular hero.

With FROLIC, both mother and father can enjoy its contents. This issue will remind ladies of their school days, and of the pencils they took part in, it will also remind the male section of what they missed by not being, (in most cases), Co-Educated!

Here's to a new venture, we sincerely hope you enjoy it!



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What, bend over
the chair? Oh dear, and
I don't like the look of
that cane.

Ouch! Those three
stung. How many
more? After six of the
best I wish our parties
were made much
thicker.







At last she's done. You're not going to let that case stop me from reading through, . . . but not, I'm sorry to say, sitting down!

THE EVILS OF DRINK

Now what's our letter up to?





Beth: Not a word to
say one. I'll just find a
quiet little corner for a
soak before prep.

Ah, beach! Now I can
really go to town. A
couple of soaps at this and
I'm sure the pain in my
soot will disappear.





... and yet the cells of birth . . .



Some hours later . . .

Oh, my poor head. The pain's gone in my poor-knee-what,
but, oh, my golly, my head feels like this!

THE EXPLORER



Thank goodness I've managed to
escape out of games. They're all
out on the playing fields so I think I'll
sneak out and see
what mischief I can
get up to!



Over the wall, that's the style. Handy of someone to leave these lollers around. Better be careful of my stockings though, I wasn't let "touch" that; I've been up to something.



Hello, what's the wire fence hiding? I've never seen it before. Oh, I know, it must be the place that's "out of bounds" on the action board in the Hallway.



Ab, ab! What's this sign I see? Looks very interesting.

WAR DEPARTMENT

NO ADMISSION

WITHOUT PERMISSION

In Charge: _____ Date: _____



No admission eh? Well, we'll set about that. If I can get over the top I might even find someone to play with!



WAR TREATMENT

NO A MIST

W.H. W. - 1945





Can't I'm always feeling' quiet in the heat? Better forget about
playing soldier and get back and find some funnest.



ST LUCILLE'S HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

HELP WANTED

There is more and that's just
as remarkable as our last
little lesson. In fact I think there's
just one question whether or
not to burn the school to the
ground



"Oh no, I'm not going to burn the school down, at least not today. The arh and I have arranged a special plan for this."



I think I'll just rip up this tree and rip out the land. It's half-day holiday today and I don't want to waste it.



Now then, what the dickens is she up to now? We can't really tell from here. Let's turn the page.



'Help Wanted!' Now there's a thing. I could do with some pocket money and I'm sure there's no hard work attached to this. I might even be able to fetch a bottle of gin for the girls.

A few well chosen words with the proprietress and the job's mine. 'Well!' If old fagstaff could see me now. Incidentally readers, ever tried gin and rum mixed?

There's nothing to this business of carrying a loaded tray, at least not if you have a little pot of match glue to lighten the load! The next job I believe is to learn how to draw a girl. That's easy, where's my pencil and paper?





I usually wipe any spilled drink with my napkin but the proprietress says that's what the cloth is for. Ah, well, one lives and learns

So that's how one
drives a taxi, not bad!
Taxis better than
chasing a pencil too!





"Bob? What's this? The old faggot must have followed me. But I get it in the neck now. (The flogging pictures, as you can see, prove me wrong.)



SCHOOL REPORT

Maria thought that the letter from her father would contain an increase in her allowance, but, alas, alas, he said that unless she had a first-class school report this term, he would in fact cut it down!



What with her poor marks at algebra, English, Maths, French, ergo ergo... Plus the tick on Max Hogbody's desk, plus the mouse in Miss Knicklehead's desk, plus...

All well, what's the use. No chance of anything like a decent report, and Money, there's that field. I owe the bookkeeper.



"I know, there's only one thing for it. Head will be at his now, so I suppose I'll drop down to her study and see what I can find. Who knows?"



Moses makes a noise. If anyone should catch me... crumbs, I
daren't think about it.





No use, I can't open it.
I wonder if her window is
unlocked . . .



Who said it was easy
to pick a lock with a hair-
pin?



Quietly, quietly,
that's the style. Getting
dark too, that's
good, less chance of
being seen.

This looks a likely
spot. Shouldn't be
too difficult to climb
up to the window
from here.





'Good, no one is about, and the window's conveniently left open. So this.'



O-ONI! Drag these high heels !!



There, now to find that
incriminating evidence
Ah, what's that?

The should do the
trick. Good thing Jones
Moser has a notarizing
paper and showed me how.



"Yes, this is it. Cor, good thing I found it. What a pack of filth, no one could be that bad!"



Now, just an altera-
tion here and an altera-
tion there. Really, I've
a good mind to use the
old sound-so-for libel!



Crambo. Sounds like
the old Cappie herself.
Quack where can I hide?



Sabu! Don't
hardly breathe. She
will be gone soon
though, I think she's
only come up for
her papa.



Thank goodness,
now to seal up the
envelope and put
it back into the
silk.



There, that does it. Bet father gets a surprise when he receives this little bombshell. I can almost see him writing out a big fat cheque already.

Mark my girl, I'm
proud of you, you really
must try this professionally
when you leave school



Just wait until I tell the
girls. Jones' Mirror will be
green with envy, but it will
teach her not to care about
the time she pinched those
nylons from the P.T. teacher.

So long readers, if you enjoyed reading of our little escapades look out for the next issue, on sale soon...



ABOUT THE MODELS

In this, our first comedy sequence issue, we have used two up-and-coming models, who in our opinion are ideally suited for the part of mischievous schoolgirls.

Barbara Moran, the pale and pretty blonde, whilst born in Liverpool, has lived in South Africa for a number of years. There she made a name for herself as a fashion model and was also a regular announcer of the S.A. Radio-Network plus appearing in a number of shows.

At the moment she is visiting relatives in England before going on to America to continue her career.

At her school in Johannesburg, she told us, that even at the age of 16, she had to wear a gown-slip almost as short as that she wears in our magazine. For the record, she is 19 years of age, stands 5' 7½" in her spats and measures 36-23-36.

Our other charming model is Marie Owens, a comparative newcomer to modelling, but never-the-less we all agree that she should go a long way in this field. Marie was born in Blackpool, but now lives in Liverpool where she "pulls passes" at a well-known hotel. She is 20 years of age, measures 36-24-36, height 5' 5" and weighs just 10 stone.

We hope you like the results of the hard work put in by these two girls and if you do you may like copies of their photographs. Any photograph from the contents are available and can be obtained by sending 7/6d for—
3/6 half-plate, 5/6 whole-plate or 1/- for a super 10 x 8. (Plus 6d postage) from—

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Belton,
Lancs.

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GIRLS !!

As a famous radio and T.V. personality says, "Have you had an embarrassing moment?" "If you have tell us about it, and if we can illustrate it photographically we will pay you one guinea. All in 0d. Your name and address will not of course be published, but you must send it to us in order that we may forward your guinea. Any experience, at school, parties, while shopping etc. etc. will be seriously considered. Write to:—

PEN-DAL STUDIOS 15 Church Bank, Bolton, Lancs.



In This Issue

NO SMOKING

THE EVILS OF
DRINK

THE EXPLORER

HELP WANTED

SCHOOL REPORT

Watch out for the
next issue on SALE
SOON.

